

## He Is Mine

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# He Is Mine

by [The1andonly\\_soup](#)

## Summary

The screen was staticy, as most screens that have a VHS player are.

Soon, Techno came into view, earning a gasp from everyone.

"Techno?" Kristin whispered.

"That's Techno?" Ariadne asked, looking up at her older brother.

Tommy swallowed. "Yep. That's him."

The Techno onscreen was holding his dearly departed dog, smiling warmly. "Hello. If you are watching this, I am dead."

///

In other words, "(S)he Used To Be Mine", but ten years later.

PoppyTWT/Problematic/Transphobic/Homophobic people: DNI

## Notes

Hello! This short book will be like one last love letter to this series. In honor of my most popular work being written a year ago (plus some days), I've decided to write this.

This story will be mostly told through the eyes of either Ariadne, the little girl born at the end of the original book, or Tommy, the one who started it all. Please enjoy. :)

CW///Mentions of death, mentions of an abusive relationship

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# The Feeling That I'm Losing Her Forever

Ariadne Techno Watson, daughter of Phil Watson and Kristin Watson, sister of Wilbur Soot and Tommy Innit...

Was currently hiding in the attic, doing her best to repress laughter.

"Ariadneee!" Phill called, and the footsteps grew ever nearer. "The god of death is coming for youuu!"

Ariadne covered her mouth and struggled not to laugh, squeezing her eyes shut. She backed up, shoving past boxes and such, but her elbow hit one.

Good thing she was not called Grace, because she managed to trip over air and fall backwards, making boxes fall and things spill out of them.

"Ariadne!" Phil called, and he raced upstairs, setting up boxes as quickly as possible, rushing to get to his daughter to make sure she was alright.

"I'm okay!" The black-haired ten-year-old scrambled to her feet, almost falling again. "I'm okay!"

"Aw, mate, you gotta be more careful," Phil sighed, reaching out his hand. "C'mon."

Ariadne took her father's hand and stepped over the spilled things, noticing a box of VHS tapes, some pictures, and a pair of noise-cancelling headphones.

"Papa?" Ariadne looked up at her father. "Why are there so many things up here?"

Phil looked around at the mess, and he laughed weakly. "Oh, this was your brother's things."

Ariadne picked up a photograph of a young boy with brown hair, and Wilbur (but smaller) standing right beside him.

"Papa? Who's that?"

Phil took the photograph, and Ariadne could almost swear that there were tears in his eyes.

"That's a story for another day," Phil replied, gently nudging Ariadne out of the way. "Go on downstairs. I'll be there in a minute."

Ariadne nodded and headed downstairs, thinking to herself. *Why is Papa so...upset? Does it have to do with that one grave everyone goes to every year?*

Ariadne spotted Kristin on the computer and tapped Kristin's shoulder. "Hey, Mama? When will Wilby and Tommathy get here?"

"Your brothers should be here soon," Kristin murmured, not looking up from the game. "Oh, and Em should, too."

"Em's coming?!" Ariadne asked, excitement seeping into her voice. Tommy's fiancée was always kind to Ariadne, bringing her gifts and playing games with her while the others talked about politics and how "dem darned Republicans and Liberals are bein' unnecessarily dramatic."

"Yes, which means you should probably change into something a little nicer," Kristin murmured.

"Then you should," Ariadne mumbled before running to her room, which was some guy's old room. She looked through her closet, settling on a nice sundress. "Hey, Mama? Is Wilby's girlfriend coming, too?"

"No," Kristin called. "There's some kind of drama between them two...or, you know, three."

Ariadne sighed, shaking her head. "Again?"

While Tommy's love life was stable and happy, Wilbur's was...a little bit of a mess. He had been dating Sally for a long time, but Sally kept cheating on Wilbur for some person named Friend, who was Wilbur's...friend, and Wilbur loved some guy named Ace Race, but he stayed with Sally because every time he tried to leave, Sally would claim she would kill herself...

Basically, Wilbur was kind of stuck in an abusive relationship.

Ariadne took several hairclips and tapped on Kristin's shoulder again. "Can you do my hair?"

Kristin nodded and paused her game, turning in the swivel chair. Ariadne sat down, and her mother began to brush Ariadne's hair with the hairbrush that she'd left by the computer.

"Hey, Mama?" Ariadne asked quietly.

"Yes?"

"...I found a picture of Wilby and some other kid. Who was that guy?"

"...You know our yearly visit to the graveyard?" Kristin murmured.

Ariadne made a popping sound with her mouth. "Yeah?"

"That was him, more than likely. He was your other brother who passed away before you were born."

Ariadne whirled around. "I have another brother I didn't know about!?"

"Turn around," Kristin said, "but yes. His name was Techno Blade."

"And you guys never told me because...?"

"...We *did*, but you...sobbed uncontrollably and also forgot because you were five when we told you."

Ariadne felt her cheeks warm, and she cleared her throat. "I was kind of a crybaby when I was little, huh?"

Kristin chuckled, and Ariadne felt Kristin finish styling her hair. "Alright, you're good to go."

Ariadne stood, and she heard the sound of a car entering the driveway. She raced over to the window and spotted Tommy, Em, and Wilbur stepping out of the vehicle.

"Mama! They're here!" Ariadne exclaimed, throwing the door open and running out to meet them.

Wilbur had just stepped out when Ariadne tossed her arms around him, beaming. "Wilby! You're here!"

"Ariadne!" Wilbur squealed, picking Ariadne up and spinning with her. The two of them laughed, and Wilbur placed Ariadne back on the ground with a huff. "You're getting too big for that."

"Ooor, maybe you're just getting too old," Ariadne grinned.

"You little gremlin—" Wilbur tried ruffling Ariadne's hair, but she successfully dodged his hand, laughing.

"Oh, c'mon, Wil," Tommy grinned, holding his arms out for Ariadne, who hugged him. "You know it's true."

Wilbur sighed and shook his head, feigning annoyance. "You both are gremlins, I swear to God."

Ariadne looked up at Tommy, bounding a little. "Tommathy, Tommathy!! I can play Megalovania on the piano now!"

"Really? You'll have to play for us," Tommy smiled.

Ariadne looked up at Em and flashed her a smile. "Hi, Emmy!"

"Hello," Em replied with a small laugh. "It's good to see you again."

Ariadne took Tommy's hand and dragged said male inside.

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Dinner was finally over, and Phil smiled brightly. "I have a surprise for everyone!"

Everyone went quiet, and Phil held up a book with a large Minecraft heart on the front.

"No way!" Tommy gasped.

"When was the last time we looked through this?" Wilbur asked, standing up and taking the book with teary eyes.

"It's been, what, almost ten years?" Kristin chuckled.

Em and Ariadne looked at each other in confusion.

"This is the family scrapbook," Wilbur explained. "Kristin and I put it together after..."

Wilbur looked at Kristin, who nodded.

"...After Techno passed."

The air suddenly went stagnant, and Ariadne felt as though it would be better if she left.  
"...Oh."

Em's eyes flashed in recognition. "Well, may I look through it with you guys?"

"Of course. You're part of the family, aren't you?" Kristin smiled, starting to gather the plates.

"I'll do that, love," Phil said, kissing Kristin's cheek. "You lot can go in the living room to look at it."

Everyone but Phil and Ariadne ran out of the room to look at the scrapbook. Ariadne had stayed put, and she felt her eyes sting.

*I'm...the only one who doesn't know who Techno is.*

"Ariadne? Aren't you going to go look?" Phil asked.

Ariadne cleared her throat and shook her head. "I-I'm going to go upstairs."

"Oh. Alright," Phil nodded. "I'll bring up some cookies later, okay?"

Ariadne nodded and went to her room, locking the door and putting her pillow over her head. *Why is their laughter so loud?*

Ariadne noticed that the moon was out, so she opened the curtains and began playing a soft melody on her keyboard. It was one of her favorite songs...and the world melted away.

# And Without Really Entering Her World

## Chapter Notes

Sorry about poofing lol, school is finally out, though, so I should be able to update these fics more. :')

By the way!!! The titles of these chapters are from the song "Slipping Through My Fingers"! It skips around slightly, but it fits really well with the kind of themes I'm trying to portray. Please enjoy the chapter. :')

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy laughed lightly. "You were too overprotective when I brought Em home to meet you guys."

Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

"Except for you," Tommy amended. "You just wanted to talk to her about drugs."

"I had to make sure she had good taste!" Wilbur defended.

Everyone laughed, and Tommy heard some music coming from upstairs. It was...sad.

"Hey, I'm going to check on Ariadne," Tommy said, and he went upstairs to do just that.

He knocked softly on the door. "Ariadne? May I come in?"

The music stopped, and Ariadne peeked through the door. "Tommy? Aren't you supposed to be downstairs with Momma and Dad?"

"Well, I figured I would check in and make sure you're okay," Tommy explained.

Ariadne opened the door further, and Tommy saw that her eyes didn't have that spark of happiness it usually did.

"...Is it about Techno?" Tommy asked.

Ariadne nodded, and Tommy felt a small bit of pride in his gut. No matter the problem, Ariadne always opened up to Tommy.

He truly *was* her favorite brother.

"I'll be right back," Tommy muttered, and he rushed downstairs.

"What's up, mate? She okay?" Phil asked.

Tommy nodded, picking up the photo album. "I just wanted to kind of introduce Ariadne to what happened before she was born."

Kristin smiled warmly. "I think that's a great idea."

Tommy smiled back and went back upstairs and into Ariadne's room. "How about I introduce you to our family?"

Ariadne turned on the lamp that was on her bedside table. Tommy sat beside her on the bed, getting comfortable with Ariadne leaning on Tommy's shoulder.

Tommy opened it to the first page, in which there was a picture of Ariadne with her family. There was also a second picture of the mysterious man with his family. He seemed tired.

"That," Tommy pointed, "is your older brother, Techno Blade. He was the coolest out of us. Kristin decided to kind of name you after him."

"Why do you call Momma 'Kristin'?" Ariadne asked.

"I'll get to that," Tommy replied. He flipped the page to a picture of Phil, Techno, and Wilbur in front of their house. Phil has his hands on his sons' shoulders, and Wilbur is beaming while Techno looks awkward. Underneath the picture is a note.

### *Adoption Day!*

"You see, many years ago, Wil and Techno were born in the middle of a war zone. They eventually went to the foster system, where Phil found them and adopted them." Tommy pointed to another picture. "That was their first birthday with Phil."

Ariadne giggled, and Tommy couldn't help but laugh, too. Wilbur was bent over the candles on a cake with an oversized beanie on his head. He was mid-blow, and Techno had the most freaked-out expression on his face while holding a book to his chest.

Tommy flipped the page, and it was like that for a while. Pictures of Wilbur and Phil, Techno and Wilbur, Phil and Techno, and sometimes all three of them continued. Finally, they got to the first picture that included Tommy.

"This was taken after our first family outing," Tommy smiled. "You see, I didn't have that great of parents, so Phil took me in when I was seventeen. I've stayed with him ever since."

"What happened to your parents?" Ariadne inquired.

Tommy swallowed, briefly remembering the sirens, the chest that *hurt*, the knife, the trial—

"They're dead," Tommy mumbled, and he turned the page.

The two of them sat in silence unless Tommy had a comment on a picture until they got to a picture of Phil and Kristin's wedding, and then they began to laugh.



Wilbur, while dressed in a dress, was about to chuck a basket of flower petals at Tommy's head. Phil and Kristin were jumping back due to the commotion, and Techno was hugging Wilbur from behind, trying to stop him from attacking Tommy, who was laughing so hard he was tearing up. The priest merely stood there with wide eyes, unsure of what to do.

"So...what happened to Techno?" Ariadne asked.

Tommy cleared his throat. "He got diagnosed with cancer."

"...Oh."

Tommy closed the book on his thumb, turning to look at his little sister. "He loved you before he was born. He always told me and Wil to tell you 'I love you' twice as much because he wouldn't be around to do it. He also told me to never tell you that."

The two of them chuckled lightly.

"What was Techno like?" Ariadne asked.

"Well," Tommy began, "he was an absolute fuckin' legend! He would always win Minecraft competitions me, Tubbo, Ranboo, and Wil would have. He was kind of cold and distant at first, but he was loyal to the end with people he loved. He was funny, kind, and the best brother or son any of us could ask for." Tommy swallowed, fighting tears. *God*, Tommy thought weakly, *I miss him*.

"I wish I could've met him," Ariadne murmured.

"So do I, Ariadne. So do I."

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Tommy awoke to knocking at the door.

Tommy looked up from his spot in the guest bedroom. Sliding out of bed, he went downstairs to the living room, where the knocking continued.

"Who is fuckin' awake *now*?" Tommy complained, and he knocked on the door from his side. "Come back later. We're all fuckin' tired."

"Please?" A masculine voice.

Tommy sighed, then yelled, "Phllll!"

Silence.

Soon enough, however, everyone in the house came into the living room, looking annoyed.

"What the *fuck*, mate?" Phil grumbled. "I was actually getting good sleep."

"There's someone at the fuckin' door," Tommy shot back.

Phil pushed Tommy out of the way and opened the door to reveal a tall man.

He was a lot older than Phil, and he had similar eyes to Techno's.

"Hello," the man said. "I am Mr. Blade. I am here for my sons."

## Chapter End Notes

Surprise!!! Technoblade's dad makes an appearance!!

What is he here for? Why did he not take Wilbur and Techno in?

Find out in the next chapter that will be out...! Uh...! I dunno when, but it will be soon...!

Please leave a comment and Kudos! Both really help me out and motivate me to write more. :)

# I try to capture every minute

## Chapter Notes

I am so so SO sorry for the hiatus on this fic!! School ended, then I had to poof cuz I was going to visit my best friend and my partner for most of the summer and qocnskcjcj

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Rest assured, unless I kinda just...get busy again, I should be able to update more! I'm so sorry once again for everything.

Without further ado...the fic!

TW///Mentions of war, abandonment issues, mentions of death and cancer

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dead silence.

Ariadne was woken up along with the others in the house at the sound of running, and now everyone was in the kitchen or living room, peering anxiously at the newcomer.

The atmosphere was almost *suffocating*.

Ariadne looked back into the kitchen, watching as her mother made some tea. Phil was sitting across from the guest with an unreadable expression on his face.

Speaking of the guest, he had a shaved head and a gray beard. He wore a pair of glasses, and he was wearing a pair of overalls over a white t-shirt. He wore sneakers, and his overall demeanor was...calm, despite the tenseness.

Kristin poured three teacups of tea and brought them over to the table. "Mr., um, Blade...would you like any sugar or ice?"

"Sugar would be fine," Mr. Blade replied politely. "Thank you."

Kristin got the sugar and spooned two teaspoons in. She stirred it, then added it to hers and Phil's cups.

"So, you are Techno and Wilbur's father." Phil's voice was calm.

"Yes, I am. I apologize for my absence all these years. I am ready and willing to take them in now."

Phil smiled a dark smile, taking a sip of his tea. "Let me ask you something, Mr. Blade. Why are you just now reaching out to a grown man and a dead man?"

Mr. Blade stiffened. "...Dead...?"

Phil shook his head. "You know what, I don't want to hear it. I frankly do not care. All I know is that I get a call from the foster care system, saying that there were two six-year-olds who grew up in the middle of a literal *war zone*, and that they watched their mother die and their father was nowhere to be found. All I know is that I spent countless days trying to convince Techno it was still worth living. I spent countless nights trying to keep Wil from having a panic attack from nightmares that plagued him from those six years. All I know is that I had to watch Wil as he fought off bullies for his brother, and I had to watch Techno suffer and die from cancer! *All I know is that I've been a damn better father than you could've ever hoped to be, since you weren't there for them when they needed you most!*"

Phil stood, and his voice raised in volume the more he spoke. By the end, he was yelling, and his hands were clenched into fists.

"Phil," Kristin warned.

Phil's glare sent a shiver down Ariadne's spine. This was the expression of a murderous father that felt threatened.

Mr. Blade seemed to look down. "...You are right. You have been a better—no, you have been the *only* man who deserves to be called 'father' by those two young men. All I am asking for is a chance to..." Mr. Blade paused, and he suddenly started shaking.

Phil's expression softened, but he didn't sit down. "Why were you gone all these years?"

Mr. Blade sniffled, and that was when Ariadne realized that he was *crying*. "You have to know...I wanted to be there. However, the military wouldn't let me go that easily, and, by the time they would, they were back here, in America. I spent a long time trying to find them to honor my late fiancée's wishes, but...in the end, I was too late. I-I just want to *try*. If they never want to see me again, I will respect their wishes. I just want to *try* to be a father. Please, Mr. Watson. I beg of you, let me *try*."

Phil swallowed, going silent. He finally sat down and let out a long sigh, thinking.

Finally, after what felt like hours...

"It's too late for Techno," Phil murmured softly. "I wish it wasn't, but it is. He died eleven years ago. As for Wil...he is a grown man. I can't control him, so if he wants you around, I will just have to accept it. If he doesn't, I will ask that you leave us alone forever."

"Thank you," Mr. Blade said. "You have no idea..."

Phil looked away and cleared his throat. "That being said, even if you *are* welcomed into Wil's life, you need to remember that *I* was their father first and foremost."

"I understand," Mr. Blade nodded. "I could never hope to sever the bond between you two, nor do I wish to. You've taken care of and shown him more love than I could have hoped from a foster parent. I am truly grateful, knowing that those two were under such a loving man's care for so long."

Phil nodded once, and the two men (and Kristin) began talking about adult things. Ariadne looked over at the others.

Em was looking concerned, and Tommy had a mixture of anger and worry on his face. Meanwhile, Wilbur had a blank expression on his face. He merely sat there, fiddling with his glasses.

"...So," Ariadne muttered, "that was something, huh?"

The other three looked at her.

Ariadne shrunk in her seat, feeling mighty awkward. The silence and tenseness between the four of them was almost enough to make Ariadne throw up.

Well...today was going to be a long day.

---

Wil agreed to go to McDonald's with Mr. Blade, so that just left Tommy, Em, Phil, Kristin, and Ariadne in the house.

As soon as Mr. Blade and Wilbur were out of the driveway, Tommy picked up a pillow and slammed it against the couch, fuming. "How *dare* that fucking *asshole*—"

"Tommy," Em said softly. "Calm down."

"But how fucking *dare* he just waltz into Wil's life!?" Tommy screeched. "He doesn't fucking have a *right* to—to—*ARGH!*"

"I know, hon, but calm down, please," Em begged.

Tommy stopped, closed his eyes, and took deep breaths. He sat on the couch, hiding his face in his hands. Em placed a hand on his back, her lips moving and uttering words so quiet that Ariadne couldn't hear her.

"I can't say that I blame you for your reaction," Phil stated. "I kind of feel the same way. But...he seemed to truly mean it when he said that he wanted to be in Wil's life. He also seemed upset when he found out about Techno."

Ariadne swallowed, awkwardness settling in her gut. She quietly went upstairs without a word and laid on her bed, hiding her eyes with her arms.

*Why is Tommy getting so worked up about all of this? I think it's great that Mr. Blade is trying.*

---

It was around dinnertime that Wil and Mr. Blade came back. Wil seemed content as he walked up to the porch with a bag in his hand, and he even waved back to the man.

When he got inside, everyone was waiting. (Everyone but Em, that is—she had to get back home.)

"So, how did it go? Good, I presume?" Kristin asked.

Wilbur nodded, smiling a small smile. "We talked a bit about everything. It was...nice. He's going to watch the band practice Wednesday."

"So...you're letting him have a chance?" Phil inquired. When Wilbur nodded, Phil smiled, placing his hand on Wil's shoulder. "I can't say I completely agree, but I'm glad you're willing to try. I support you completely, and I'm sure everyone else here does, too."

Tommy grumbled something.

"What was that?" Phil asked, shooting a dangerous look at his youngest son.

"I *said*," Tommy spat, "like *hell* do I support this!"

Wilbur carefully removed Phil's hand from his shoulder. Wilbur then faced Tommy, crossing his arms. "And do I *need* your support? No. I am a grown man. If I want to have a relationship with my father, I am damn well allowed to."

"But Wil, that man is bad news!" Tommy got to his feet and motioned to the bag in Wilbur's hands. "Sure, he can buy you pretty shit and whatnot, but that doesn't make up for years of not being there!"

"That's what he's *trying* to do!" Wilbur explained. "He's *trying*—"

"Don't give me that bullshit!" Tommy exclaimed. "We've seen it play out in many pieces of media and whatnot! It's a cliché for a *reason*, Wil! '*Deadbeat dad comes back and promises to be better, but then he leaves just as the child trusts him*'—"

"Oh, *fuck off*!" Wilbur yelled. "Just because your father was a shitty man who killed people, and just because *you* had to kill him just to live another day, does *not* mean *mine* is! *Stop* trying to shove all your trauma on me! I am *sorry* you didn't get to have a relationship with *your* old man, but I *finally* have the chance to, and I will not let a *child* who doesn't know what the *hell* he is doing career-wise dictate my life!"

Tommy looked as though Wilbur had just smacked him.

Wilbur froze, covering his mouth and his eyes widening as he processed what he just said. "W-Wait, I—"

"Well," Tommy whispered, eyes shimmering. "Well, I hope that you enjoy time with him. I hope that you enjoy all of this without me."

"Toms, you know I didn't mean it." Wilbur's voice was pleading. "Toms—"

Tommy laughed humorlessly, wiping at his eyes. "You don't want my input on all of this, fine. I'll get out. I can see that me being your brother was just one big lie."

"Tommy..."

Tommy walked over to the door and placed his hand on the handle. Without turning around, he said one last thing: "Just so you know, I wasn't trying to dump my trauma on you. I just wanted you to keep yourself emotionally safe. Goodbye, Wilbur Soot."

With that, Tommy left.

## Chapter End Notes

If Mr. Technodad or any of the CCs are uncomfortable with this being up, please let me know!

///

Welcome to angst central! Hope you guys enjoy your stay. :')

Have fun and take care of yourselves!

# The feeling in it

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When one spends enough time in literature, they tend to think in metaphors and symbols.

So, when describing the situation, Tommy would think something like:

Tommy is the sun, and Wilbur is the moon. Two sides of the same coin, close, and one is not complete without the other. When one falters, the other suffers. They are both the center of their lives with this family of many names.

Ariadne is a star just learning to shine, and Phil and Kristin is the gravity holding everything in place.

A new asteroid has entered the galaxy, throwing everything off its axis.

And who says that the sun is supposed to lose its light years from now?

It seems as though it's nearing the end of this galaxy, and it's all Mr. Blade's fault.

---

Ariadne couldn't sleep.

After the fight, everyone was completely silent and frozen. It was as if time stopped, and they were all praying that Tommy would come bursting through the door, laughing and yelling about Minecraft.

Nothing. Just silence.

*Why is the silence so loud?*

Eventually, everyone moved, but the day was long and filled with quiet.

---

Once again, Ariadne couldn't sleep.

Sliding out of bed, Ariadne pulled her hair into a ponytail before leaving her room. As she passed by Wilbur's room, she heard guitar.

She quietly opened the door, and she could see Wilbur was playing his guitar. It was the same guitar Ariadne and Tommy gifted Wilbur almost three years ago. Wilbur's face was twisted into a tearful expression, and his voice, though crackly and soft, made its way to Ariadne.

[\(Song.\)](#)



*"The flowers of the new,  
And laughter of the past,  
They're beautiful like you,  
Beauty unsurpassed.  
Gone with a whisper;  
You fall asleep like death,  
Breaking through the earth,  
Your smile shines again..."*

During the interlude, Wilbur played through his tears. Ariadne could only watch, her own sadness filling her heart.

*"My empty gratitude,  
Another empty 'thank you'—  
I finally learnt regret  
From words I've always said;  
Never meant to speak to hurt,  
Yet it hurt to put in words:  
Goodbye wherever you are,  
Goodbye unbroken heart.*

*In truth I want to feel, the truth I want to see—  
I'm trying to embrace your drifting heart and smile!*

*Whenever I begin to feel the burning tears overflowing from my eyes,  
I keep on looking forward at you hoping that your light will never pass me by;  
I wonder what the stars that sparkle in your eyes are hiding from my mind?),  
Hiding from my open heart and from your open heart?*

*Together, you and I will always be alive, connected—  
Close to you I'll stay;  
As long as I can hold your hand again and again, forever,  
I will find my way;  
You may never answer back my call,  
But you smile back at me with grace, and everything remains the same;  
This pain I'll soon awake from  
What I see will melt all away  
With my tears."*

*Curse my clumsiness.*

Ariadne was leaning forward, and she accidentally pushed the door completely open, falling onto her stomach. Wilbur jumped, and he looked over and made eye contact with her. He gave a weak smile, ceasing his playing.

"Hey, what are you doing up?" Wilbur pat beside him.

Ariadne swallowed and sat next to him. "Couldn't sleep. Heard you singing, so I wanted to...you know, listen."

"You could've came inside, you know," Wilbur chuckled. "Do you know this song?"

Ariadne nodded. "*Close to You*, right?"

"Do you want to sing the next bit?"

Ariadne nodded, and Wilbur picked up where he left off. Ariadne wasn't a professional, but she could at least keep tune and sounded decent.

*"A shape of broken line  
Will never be the same—  
It'll never find new life  
As a body of remains;  
A soul without a form,  
Endlessly it'll chase,  
But will my broken heart find another place?"*

Ariadne's hands curled into fists as she thought about everything that had happened the past couple of days—the revelation of a third brother, the remaining two arguing, feeling completely alone and left out...

She put her all into singing.

*"In truth I want to feel the truth I'll never see  
I'm trying to erase how far we've walked in miles!"*

*Whenever I begin to feel the burning tears as I look up at the sky,  
I keep on looking forward at it hoping that I'll find you soon enough in time;  
I wonder if the stars that sparkle in my eyes will eventually subside,  
Hiding from my endless heartbeat,  
From my endless heartbeat?*

*Together, you and I will always be alive, committed, close to you I'll stay,  
As long as I can hold your hand again and again,  
Then maybe I will find a way!  
I can never travel back in time, but they smile back at me, those days,  
And everything remains the same,  
This pain I'll soon awake from,  
What I see will melt all away  
With my tears!*

*Replaying time again, replaying time again...  
Repeating time again, repeating time again...  
Reflected in my heart, reflected in my heart...  
Your never-ending laughter!"*

Ariadne swallowed. "*Whenever I begin to feel the burning tears...*"

Wilbur and Ariadne paused, both taking a deep breath. They looked at each other, and, for the first time in a very long time, they reached a mutual understanding.

They would finish this song. Brother and sister, and no longer alone in their sadness.

*"Can't you feel the burning tears overflowing from my eyes?  
I keep on looking forward at you hoping that in time your light will pass me by;  
Now I know the stars that sparkle in your eyes are guiding me to light,  
Guiding to my open heart and to your open heart—*

*Together, you and I will always be alive, connected, close to you I'll stay—  
Time will never hold my tears or hold my feelings, down they pour like silent rain;  
All the colors forming back the life I knew when all remained the same,  
Somehow in a finite time, this time I'll find my way out,  
And I see I've barely reached you  
And your heart..."*

When they finished, Ariadne laid back on the bed, letting herself cry. "I feel so...alone. I didn't know Techno, and I barely understand what's happening."

"I want to get to know my biological father," Wilbur muttered, laying beside her. He was crying, too. "I know that Mr. Blade could be acting, but...isn't it still worth a try to have him as family, too?"

The two of them continued in such a manner, venting and sobbing. Soon, though, they both fell asleep.

---

Wilbur's ringtone woke her up.

Ariadne sat up and answered the call, not bothering to look at the caller ID. "Hm?"

*"Is Tommy with you guys?"* Em's voice.

"Uh...nah. He and Wil got into a fight yesterday mornin'," Ariadne replied, her voice lacking any kind of emotion as she glanced at the clock. 7:49 A.M.

*"He hasn't come home."*

Ariadne immediately shook Wilbur. "Wil. Wil. Darnit, Wil, get the—" Ariadne stood, then stomped on Wilbur's leg, "*—fuck* up!"

"FUCK!" Wilbur screeched, sitting up and smacking Ariadne instinctively. "What the *fuck* is wrong? Why the *fuck* did you curse? Don't *fucking* do that!"

"Tommy hasn't come home," Ariadne stated.

"Yeah, kinda makes sense, seeing as—"

"He hasn't come home to *Em*."

Wilbur was wide awake. He was so fast that Ariadne could barely keep up with the fact that he went bullet-speed into Phil and Kristin's room.

Ariadne turned back to the phone. "Did you try calling Tubbo or Ranboo?"

"Yeah," Em answered. "They said they haven't seen him. I tried calling everyone I could think of, and there were no responses. And I can't exactly call the police; they probably wouldn't care about a missing adult."

Ariadne closed her eyes, then snapped her fingers. "I think I might know where he is. Em, just stay calm. I'll make sure Tommy's brought to you."

---

Tommy pulled into a familiar gravel driveway, letting out a long sigh. He had drove around for most of the day before settling on a familiar face that had supported Tommy for four years and beyond.

Tommy made his way up to the door and hesitated, suddenly feeling awkward. *Would it really be okay if I stay here...?*

Well, too late. He knocked.

No sounds. Then, the door opened.

"Tommy?"

Tommy gave him a weak smile. "Mr. Sam. Hey. Can I crash here for a while?"

## Chapter End Notes

i know this chapter was short, but shhh, next one should be longer—

Hope you guys enjoyed! :D

# Breaking the Pattern

## Chapter Notes

The titles of the chapters will no longer be lyrics :')

So...I was going to wait until after I get stuff done to get back on Ao3, but...I couldn't let this story be. I've finally got my motivation back, so once this story ends, I will be gone until 2025.

So...strap on in and enjoy the ride! Or...try, haha.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy sat across from Mr. Sam, looking at the cup of tea in his lap with tearful eyes.

"So, what's going on, Tommy?" Mr. Sam asked, his voice as careful as ever.

Tommy hesitated before looking up with a tight smile. "I just...needed a place to stay. I wasn't sure where else to go."

"...I see...and why didn't you go to Phil's? Or was that where everything happened?"

Tommy's lips were so tightly closed that they were in a straight line.

"Ah. So...what happened?"

Tommy swallowed. "Wil and I got into a fight cuz his biological dad came back in his life and I got upset."

"And...why did you get upset?"

"I-I mean...it should be obvious. That guy's nothing but trouble."

Mr. Sam took a sip of his own tea. "Did this man seem sketchy in any way?"

"Well, no," Tommy admitted, "he seemed genuine. But that's the thing. The cliché is a cliché for a reason."

"Are you sure it isn't because...?"

Tommy's eyes darkened. "*No*."

Mr. Sam was quiet for a moment. Finally, he sighed. "Can I tell you my genuine thoughts on this? Without, you know, you getting upset?"

Tommy nodded.

"I think...you are unintentionally projecting your own jealousy and worries onto Wilbur and his situation."

"What?!" Tommy sat up. "I am *not*—"

Mr. Sam held up a hand, silencing Tommy instantly.

"As I was saying, it's *unintentional*," Mr. Sam muttered. "I believe that hearing about a terrible father coming back into the life of someone you love somehow triggered your PTSD, and, somewhere deep inside of you, you're also a tad jealous that Wilbur is getting a chance you never had. Those are just my thoughts, though. Maybe you should talk to a person who has a career in counseling instead of just having a good sense for what's going on with people." Mr. Sam gave a small smile.

Tommy took a moment to think. Finally, he looked away. "So...you think I'm still not over what happened?"

"Well, of course you wouldn't be *over* it," Mr. Sam chuckled. "Trauma is something I feel that no-one can truly be over, especially on that scale. Let me ask you something—do you think that Wilbur's trauma is any less valid?"

"What?? Of course not! He was a *child*, and that shit was awful!"

"And...do you think what Ranboo went through was any less valid?"

Tommy shook his head. "Of course not." Ranboo had been bullied severely at their old school, and it got to the point that they had to leave there just so they could heal from terrible injuries.

"If something as severe as being raised in a war zone and watching loved ones die at six is valid for trauma, and dealing with terrible bullying is just as bad...what makes you think that transphobia and abuse is any less awful? Not to mention, you were literally *kidnapped* and *tortured*, in the most basic senses of the word. You had to kill someone in your family just to survive, then had to deal with awful people responding to a situation they had no part in. If that happened to, let's say, Tubbo...would you say it wasn't valid?"

"If what happened to me happened to Tubbo...? Of course not! It would be valid as fuck!"

"So...are you saying it isn't worth dealing with if it's *you*?"

Tommy stopped, then looked down again.

"If I'm going to be honest, Tommy...I think you should go back to therapy. It might help. You seemed much happier doing so. And...who knows. Maybe confronting what happened will help you learn to accept and cope with it...?"

Tommy soon became lost in thought.

---

Wilbur's hands seemed to tighten on the steering wheel. "And why do you think he's here, at his old teacher's house?"

"Tommy once told me that Mr. Sam is like a second father to him. If he is anywhere without Em, it's gotta be here." Ariadne looked in the driveway, her eyebrows furrowing. "Wait...his car isn't here..."

Wilbur got out of the van and rushed up to the door. Ariadne sank in her seat, thinking hard about what to do.

*Where could Tommy have gone...?*

---

The dead flowers were removed, and Tommy placed a bouquet of fresh lilies at the grave. He smiled slightly but sadly, running his fingertips across the headstone.

The poor guy didn't have any people who cared about her... So Tommy took it upon himself to honor them every time he came to their grave as a "thank you" for saving his life.

He turned from the name "Eret" and went over to where Mr. and Mrs. Innit were buried side by side on the edge of the graveyard.

The flowers were withered at their graves, which looked awful. It was as if no-one cared about them anymore.

Tommy wished he could say that he was no exception, but he ripped at the weeds that were growing. He placed a single camellia flower in front of the headstones, watching them carefully.

"Hello."

Silence.

"Well, just wanted to...to see how you guys were. So...I will leave. Goodbye."

Turning on his heel, Tommy went to the grave he really wanted to see: Techno's.

"Hey. It's been a while, huh?"

Even though the flowers were dying, they were still beautiful. However, Tommy picked them up, set them aside, and placed four gold roses at Techno's headstone.

"The charity thing has been a success. Wil's band is doing great, too, and Ariadne is as great as ever. I...wish you could've met her."

Tommy sniffled, wiping at his eyes. "Dad and Kristin are as happy as ever, but it's all wrong. Yours and Wil's biological dad came back. Mr. Blade seems nice enough, but he's...he's too nice. I don't trust him, Techno. I don't trust him at all."

The wind blew softly, almost like a response.

Tommy looked at the smaller headstone that the graveyard was reluctant to put in. Tommy placed a hand on it and smiled sadly.

"Are you and Floof having fun? I hope so. Give him a hug for me, yeah?"

Tommy let out a shaky sigh. "I'm trying to smile, and I'm trying to move on, but..." Tommy let some tears fall. "I miss you so, so much. You're the best brother I could've asked for, and..." Tommy let out a sob, finally losing his composure. "I just want to see you again, one last time! I just want to spend more time with you, making fun of Wil's eating-sand habit. I want to spend more time with you listening to music and me not understand the weird lyrics. I want *you* here with me, not some memory of you. Memories are nice, but they just aren't...*you*."

Tommy let himself cry. For once, he didn't care about anything but the grief in his heart. He didn't care if anyone saw a grown man sobbing like a child; he didn't care about his unemployment or work or how he had to be in front of Ariadne or Em. He just knew that he missed his *brother*. His big brother, the one he looked up to.

And, he realized...

Maybe it was okay.

Maybe it was okay to miss Techno and wish that he had more time. Maybe it was okay to remember and wish that there was a way to save him. Maybe it was okay...to be sad.

Maybe...it was time to heal from the gaping wounds of the past.

## Chapter End Notes

Whelp, uh...this got depressing really fast—

Also oof, I seriously need to take my own advice and learn the lessons I put in these fics, huh? I still need to learn what Tommy is learning in this, ushdhc—

Whelp, anyway! Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, and I hope you continue to enjoy this fic! Next chapter will be out soon. Maybe later today...? Who knows!

(I *\*will\** finish this fic before disappearing. You all have my word.

Unless I die between now and then or something else happens lol)



# A Chance of Sweetness

## Chapter Notes

Two chapters in one day??? Nani???

Enjoy :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"I got a text from Tommy," Phil's voice was saying. "He says he wanted to tie up a few loose ends. He is on his way here."*

"Thank God," Wilbur breathed, and Ariadne let out a sigh of relief as well. "Should...I come home, too?"

*"I would wait a little bit so Kristin and I can talk to him,"* Phil advised.

"Okay. Well, then Ariadne will have some one-on-one bonding time," Wilbur replied.

Phil chuckled. "Sounds good. Take care. Love you."

"Love you too, Dad," Wilbur responded before hanging up.

"So, where are we going?" Ariadne asked.

Wilbur thought, then snapped his fingers, grinning. "It's time for you to meet my friends. They also knew Techno, and they're married."

---

"Hello?" Wilbur called.

Silence. Then, a familiar short girl stormed up to the two of them, not saying a word.

"Ni—"

***SMACK!***

"Fuck!" Wilbur exclaimed, rubbing his cheek. "Did you *seriously* have to do that?"

The woman looked up and smiled blankly. "It took you five years to finally visit. What did you expect, Wil?"

"Sorry," Wilbur apologized. He placed a hand on top of Ariadne's head. "This is my little sister, Ariadne. Ariadne, this is my friend, Niki. Her wife owns this café."

"Oh! Hello! Aren't you adorable?" Niki cooed. "Nice to meet you, Ariadne."

"Hi," Ariadne smiled, waving slightly. "Nice to meet you, too."

"Well, take a seat already," Niki grinned, leaving to go to the back.

Ariadne and Wilbur sat at the bar-like counter, and Ariadne glanced around. "Niki sounds familiar..."

"Oh, yeah. Niki is also the hair stylist in this town. She's the one who first cut Tommy's hair while he was transitioning. Well, she used to be the stylist, I guess. She decided to take on co-owning this shop with Puffy."

"Who's Puffy?" Ariadne asked.

"I am!"

Ariadne turned to see an extremely tall woman in pirate clothes. Her hair was extremely poofy and kind of reminded Ariadne of a sheep's wool mixed with a cinnamon roll.

"I am Puffy, also known as the Captain by most of the older folks here in town," Captain beamed. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ariadne. If only Wil had introduced us sooner." The Captain shot a playful glare at said male.

"Sorry," Wilbur sighed. "I'll make sure to come by more. I've been busy, y'know?"

"Excuses, excuses," the Captain scoffed lightly. "Anyway, what do ya guys want? It's on the house."

"Strawberry shake," Wilbur responded immediately.

"Um..." Ariadne glanced at the menu. "...Fudge cheesecake?"

"Good choice," Niki called from the kitchen, and the Captain laughed lightly.

"It'll be out in five," the Captain said before disappearing into the back.

Ariadne looked around the café again, feeling quite at ease. "So...those are your friends?"

"Yep," Wilbur nodded. "I've known Niki since my senior year of high school. She graduated early so she could take over the stylist's shop for her friend's mother. And Puffy...I think Tommy introduced us the first time I came here? I can't remember."

"Huh."

"Want to sit outside when we get our food?"

As soon as Ariadne nodded, Niki came out with a large strawberry milkshake and a plate with the largest slice of cheesecake Ariadne had ever seen.

"Here you go," Niki smiled. "Enjoy. And, again, it's on the house. Just don't forget to come by every once in a while."

Wilbur gave her a salute. "Yes, ma'am!"

The two siblings went outside and sat at a picnic table. Ariadne tilted her head to the side at the sad expression on Wilbur's face.

"What's up?" Ariadne asked.

Wilbur shook his head, smiling. "Just remembering this one time..."

---

*"It's too coooooooooold for you hereeeeeee and now~"*

*Techno narrowed his eyes. "Shut up before you attract flies."*

*"So let me hooooooooooooooooold both your hands in the holes of my sweater~" Wilbur sang, and Tommy grinned.*

*Techno pulled his headphones over his ears, glaring at Tommy and Wilbur.*

*Tommy and Wilbur leaned into each other used their ice cream as a microphone. "'Cause it's too cold for you here and now, so let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater~"*

*Tommy and Wilbur dissolved into laughter, and Techno took off his headphones with a grunt.*

*"You guys sound horrible," Techno deadpanned.*

*"Ouch! I am so offended!" Wilbur exclaimed, feigning mock hurt. "Alas, I cannot go on!"*

*"Drama queen," Tommy snickered.*

*"Actually—" Wilbur pretended to do a hair flip, "—I would say I'm the king of drama, yes."*

*Tommy cackled, and Techno rolled his eyes. "Chill, Wil. Nobody needs to look over here. Stop drawing attention to yourself."*

*Wilbur stood and inhaled deeply, about to yell.*

*"Wilbur, I swear to God—!"*

*Wilbur laughed, sitting down. Tommy was in hysterics by now, and it was getting hard to breathe.*

---

Ariadne chuckled. "That sounds fun. So...Techno was more of a serious guy?"

Wilbur nodded. "He was fun sometimes, but other times he acted like an old man."

Ariadne giggled, then sighed. "I wish I could've met him."

"I do, too," Wilbur agreed. "He loved you before he knew you existed."

Ariadne looked down and took a bite of the cheesecake. She gasped.

The flavor was like giving sight to a blind man. It was like a child getting the best toy ever for Christmas. It was—

"So goooooood!" Ariadne squealed before shoveling more of the dessert into her mouth.

Wilbur laughed, and he took a sip of his milkshake. "So...want to see what I'm working on music-wise?"

"Heck yeah!" Ariadne gave Wilbur a bright smile.

It was a good time.

---

Tommy chuckled at Phil's halfhearted joke. "Yeah...I know. I gotta tell people where I am, or else you will all act like I'm a two-year-old that's lost."

At that moment, there was knocking on the door.

"I'll get it," Tommy muttered, and he went over to the door, opening it. His mouth went dry.

"Oh, I'm—I'm sorry. Should I leave?"

"Mr....Blade. No, it's fine. Are you looking for Wil?"

Mr. Blade nodded, clearing his throat. "Yes. Is he...is he here?"

Tommy shook his head. "He's with our little sister."

Tommy and Mr. Blade stood in silence until Tommy closed the door behind him, stepping out onto the porch.

"So, um, do you know when he'll be back? I just wanted to give him this back." Mr. Blade held up a Lovejoy CD of their *Are You Alright?* EP.

"I dunno when. I can give it to him if you want."

"That would be very kind. Thank you." Mr. Blade set the CD on the table.

More silence.

Finally, Mr. Blade sighed. "I, ah, heard you and Wilbur fighting yesterday. I just...wanted to say that I'm sorry."

"Huh?" Tommy's eyebrows furrowed. "Sorry? For what?"

"For...a lot of things. For being the reason you and your brother fought. For not being there for Wilbur and Techno. For...much more than that."

Tommy shook his head. "It's not your fault Wil and I fought. I...had a lot of stuff to work out. And as for not being there...it wasn't completely your fault. I actually think it's great that you're trying to be a dad. You're much better than mine ever was."

"I thought Mr. Watson *was* your father?"

Tommy laughed lightly. "Oh, no. I was a runaway cuz my home life was shit. We met at Olive Garden, where he, creepily as fuck but still kindly, invited me to stay with him and his kids as long as he needed."

"Oh. I see." Mr. Blade smiled a little. "Mr. Watson is a very special man, isn't he?"

Tommy smiled back. "Yeah. He is."

A van pulled into the driveway, and Wilbur and Ariadne got out. Wilbur stilled, his gaze like a hawk's.

"Mr. Blade," Wilbur stated.

"Wilbur," Mr. Blade nodded. "I was just coming by to drop off the CD you gave me. I thought your music is...very interesting. I'm not usually one to listen to that genre, but I still enjoyed it."

Wilbur hesitated, looking at Tommy. Tommy gave him a thumbs-up and a smile before going over to Ariadne, leading her inside the house.

It was quiet for a moment before Tommy cleared his throat. "Hey, don't you still have some of Techno's stuff in the attic?"

"Yeah," Phil nodded. "Why?"

"I was wondering if I could look through some of his stuff," Tommy answered. "Just...just to see if maybe..."

"...You know what, sure. Bring Ariadne with you so she can learn more about him." Phil gave Ariadne a smile, to which Ariadne returned.

Tommy headed to the attic with Ariadne following behind. They went to the "Techno corner," which was exactly what it sounded like—a corner with all of the things that belonged to Techno.

Tommy sat in the chair beside one box and pulled it in front of him. He opened it, and there was a pair of noise-cancelling headphones inside.

"He always had these on him," Tommy explained, holding them like they were a delicate piece of glass that could shatter at any moment. "He used them to deal with large crowds or places with loud noise, and they were just...generally a calming thing. He was autistic, and it made him feel...well, I don't know too much about what autism is. All I know is that he had these when we first met, too."

Ariadne carefully took the headphones, inspecting them. They were nothing too spectacular. They were bright red, and there was unfamiliar handwriting on the band that read "Techno Blade." Was this his handwriting...?

Tommy picked up a few more things from the box, explaining what they were to Ariadne. Eventually, they got to the end, and they had to put everything back.

One box caught Tommy's eye. It had dark blue shipping tape on it, labelled "TAPES (NOT A 13 REASONS WHY REFERENCE I SWEAR)".

"What is this?" Tommy whispered reaching over and picking it up. It was kind of heavy, so he placed it carefully on the ground in front of him. Ariadne handed him a pair of scissors, to which Tommy opened.

Inside were eight VHS tapes, one for each of them and one with the word "all" on it. There was also a note.

Tommy picked up the note and read it aloud, tearing up at the handwriting.

*Watch "all" before the rest. These are my final words to all of you."*

*And the eighth one labelled "Blade" is for my biological dad.*

## Chapter End Notes

And this, ladies and gents and enby vents, is where you all will be left on a cliffhanger for now~

(Maybe. I might start writing the next chapter soon lol)

Hope you enjoyed! :D

# Tape the Cracks, Save a Broken Family

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy had told Phil about the tapes, and Phil managed to get the old TV and VHS player from the basement up to the living room. He hooked everything up, and Tommy put in the one labelled "*all*."

Everyone (Ariadne, Wilbur, Phil, Kristin, Mr. Blade, and Tommy) were surrounding the TV. The screen was staticy, as most screens that have a VHS player are.

Soon, Techno came into view, earning a gasp from everyone.

"Techno?" Kristin whispered.

"That's Techno?" Ariadne asked, looking up at her older brother.

Tommy swallowed. "Yep. That's him."

The Techno onscreen was holding his dearly departed dog, smiling warmly. "Hello. If you are watching this, I am dead."

Ariadne looked up at Mr. Blade, whose expression was somehow deadpan as well as shocked. She turned back to the screen, taking in everything she could.

Techno had very little hair, and what hair that *was* there was pink. His red eyes (contacts, Ariadne assumed) looked exhausted, and he was wearing the pig hoodie Tommy showed Ariadne that was in the box they were looking through. He was sitting in a wheelchair in the bedroom that currently belonged to Ariadne.

"I was born on June 1st, 1999, to two soldiers—one American, one British person. After my mother was killed, Wilbur and I were shipped to America and the foster system, where we were taken in and adopted by Phil. Of course, I'm sure everyone watching this already knows this much."

Techno scratched behind the dog's ears, and he smiled a warm smile that almost seemed foreign on his face. "I know that this is probably confusing for all of you. See, Phil is an Old Man™, so he has some stuff to make VHSs. I took a camera, found out how VHSs work, and voilà."

Ariadne's lips curled up into a smile. She liked this guy already.

"So...yeah. And cuz I'm all dramatic and stuff, I made these tapes as kinda a goodbye. I am strong, but I know that when it's my time—which it will be, soon—I won't be able to say a lot. And I doubt I'll see my biological dad before I go, so...yeah. End of tape."

Phil took it out and put in the next one in line labelled "*Blade*."

Once again, Techno appeared onscreen, but without Floof.

"Hey, pops." Techno gave a half-smile. "How's it going? I'm guessing you actually care and are hanging with Wil. That's good—that means my gambling skills weren't *total* trash. I had a feeling you would show up sooner or later."

Ariadne looked back at Mr. Blade, whose eyes were teared up.

"Anyway," Techno continued calmly, "I decided to take your last name, just so that you might be able to find us. Or, uh, Wil. He deserves to know who you are. Are you a good guy? A total jerk? I dunno." Techno shrugged. "I really don't care, either. I wish I could've lived long enough to know, but I guess it doesn't matter since I'll be dead soon enough. Anyway, if you *do* care, make sure to treat Phil and Kristin with kindness. They are both amazing people who took care of me, and Phil is the only Dad I've ever had. And make sure to be extra nice to Tommy. Knowing him, he'll throw a fit cuz he's dealing with stuff of his own."

Cue a scoff from Tommy. Ariadne couldn't help but chuckle; seems as though Techno knew Tommy pretty well.

"And as for Wil...? Give him what love you have for me to him, if any. Make sure he doesn't regret letting you in. And...I can't exactly say that I love you, cuz that would be a lie. I wish I could've met you. So...take care, old man."

Phil took out the tape, and everyone looked back at Mr. Blade, who seemed to be crying.

Mr. Blade realized and wiped at his eyes with a weak smile. "Would it be wrong if I said that...I kind of feel at peace?"

"Not at all," Kristin smiled. "I think...that was the point."

The next tape. "*Kristin*."

"Hey, Kristin," Techno greeted with a wave. "I know we didn't know each other long, but I wanted to say...thank you for being a good stepmother. I don't really remember much about my biological mom, so...thank you for being a good stand-in and making Phil happy. He seems so much more...complete, you know? And it's obvious that Tommy and Wil love you, too. We all think you're an important part of our family. Thanks for not sending Phil to jail, and thanks for taking care of everyone. Don't forget to take time for yourself, by the way. You might be taking on a lot, but that doesn't mean that you don't deserve a break every now and then. So...don't forget that you *are* important, and that you are everything to us. Love you, Mom."

The tape ended, and everyone (once again) looked at the one that the tape was for.

Tears were pouring out of Kristin's eyes. She smiled and shook her head, taking a deep breath. "Thank you, Techno. So much..."

Ariadne looked back to the TV, where a new tape was beginning.



"Phil...my adoptive father." Techno picked up Floof and pet the dog. "You never gave up on me. Even when we didn't know that I was dealing with autism in school, you still believed it would be okay. You took care of me in my darkest times, you celebrated my successes. You worked with me on being clean from self-harm, and you never *didn't* show me, Wil, or Tommy kindness. You are truly the best father I could've asked for, and I am truly grateful. Even if you *are* an old man."

Everyone chuckled lightly.

"In short," Techno concluded, "thank you. For everything. You gave me a home and a wonderful childhood. I grew up in an amazing environment, and I'm sure I died peacefully because of you. Thank you so, so much, old man. I love you, Dad."

And, once again, everyone looked to the subject.

Phil was flat-out *sobbing* without restraint. It was the first time Ariadne had ever seen her father cry, and she hoped it would be the last.

Kristin and Wilbur hugged Phil, to which Phil hugged them back, still sobbing. Everyone was quiet, but it felt so much more lively than before.

"I'll get it," Tommy murmured, putting in the next tape in the box.

This time, Techno was in a different hoodie—this time, it was a Minecraft one.

"Greetings, Wilbur. How's it goin'? Got yourself a partner yet?" Techno grinned. "Or are you still a hopelessly romantic single guy?"

"Burned!" Tommy laughed. Wilbur grinned, punching Tommy's shoulder lightly. Ariadne smiled from her spot on the floor—seems as though everything is fine now.

"I'm just kiddin'," Techno chuckled. "Okay, but seriously. If you *do* have a partner...don't let them walk all over ya, okay? You are just as important as them." Techno then made a noise, and Floof jumped into Techno's lap. Techno smiled more before continuing. "Anyway, I'm hoping you're doing great. How is Lovejoy doing? I wonder if you guys will be world-famous. I sure hope so..." Techno planted a kiss to the top of the dog's head. "I really enjoyed listening to your music at night. It was calming, and it put me to sleep. You made me laugh a lot, too. Eating sand (which you better not be doing, by the way), getting annoyed at getting beat in Minecraft... I am just...really lucky I have a twin like you. You're my best friend, Wil. I'm so glad I got to grow up with you. I won't make this too long, since I still have two more, but...thank you for everything. You were the best big brother I could've had. Love you, Wil."

Ariadne looked at Wilbur, who was just starting to cry. He tried wiping the tears away, but it was getting harder and harder to do.

Ariadne swallowed, deciding to put in the next tape, and it was labelled "*Tommy*".

Techno appeared onscreen, holding a Minecraft pig plush. He looked exhaustedly into the camera.

"One more after this," Techno whispered, and he cleared his throat, smiling. "Hey, Tommy. By now, I'm sure you know what this is. My final goodbye."

Techno visibly hesitated before continuing.

"I'm going to be honest with you. I didn't know what to think of you, Tommy. You were some strange trans guy that was coming into mine and Wil's life cuz of Phil, and you were a bit of a mess. Not that I can blame you, though. Your biological parents were awful." Techno smiled gently. "But...despite all of that, you stood strong. You kept going, even when things got to be awful. I truly admire you for that. You've always called me 'cool' and 'strong' because...well, let's face it, I am." Techno winked, earning a laugh from everyone. "But you? You're stronger than I ever was, especially at your age. You opened up about your depression and self-harming long before I would have. Tommy, you are the manliest man I could've ever met, and that isn't a joke. You've grown so much since we've first met. You've turned into a fine young man. I am so proud of you, Tommy. You're the best little brother I could've asked for. I love you."

When Ariadne went to put in the next and final tape, she looked back at Tommy. Tommy was doing his best to hold back tears, but it was obvious he was failing.

Ariadne took a deep breath before putting the tape into the VHS player. The screen was fuzzy at first, but then it revealed Techno in a "TECHNOLOGY BLADE AGAINST CANCER" sweatshirt. Ariadne's eyebrows furrowed—didn't Tommy and Wilbur start that *after* Techno died?

"Do you guys like my sweater? Wil came in and told me the plan. I think it's dorky, but...nice. Thank you guys."

Techno looked up with a smile and Floof in his lap. Floof was fast asleep.

"Hello. If you are watching this, you must be Ariadne, my little sister of whom I've never met and who has never met me. Well, now you've met me. I'm sure you've seen the other tapes. I promise you, I'm not usually this sentimental."

Ariadne laughed lightly, finally understanding why everyone else was in tears. Her own eyes stung, but she watched the screen intently.

"Knowing Phil and Kristin and Wil and Tommy, you're probably close to all of them, or you've at least spent plenty of time with them all. And...I kind of feel like I should say something serious before telling you about myself, I guess."

Techno cleared his throat, and Ariadne realized just how *exhausted* Techno truly was.

"So, um, yeah. You were born not too long after I died. I don't have long left, I know. December 15th was your due date. I wonder if you *were* actually born that day? Well, anyway. I just wanted to say that you were never a replacement for me. So...if you feel guilty for some reason...don't. You are just as important as everyone here, and we would all still love you the same if I were alive."

Ariadne's breath caught in her throat. How did he know...? Some part of her, a small, tiny part of her...

"Anyway. So, uh...I don't really know what all to say. I guess I just...wish I could've met you. I wonder...will you be as funny as Tommy? Musically talented as Wil? Kind as Kristin? A nerd like Phil?" Techno chuckled, then sighed. "I wish I knew. I wish that we could've met each other. I wish I could've seen you grow, Ariadne. I wish I could've let you braid my hair. I wish I could've seen you and Tommy get up to some dumb pranks. I wish I could've heard you play an instrument or sing, no matter how good or bad. I wish..." Techno took a deep breath, and Ariadne spotted tears running down his face. She couldn't blame him, though—she felt the same.

"Well, I wish I had more time so we could've become friends as well as siblings. I wish for so, so much, and I'm so sorry that we couldn't hang out."

Ariadne absentmindedly reached for the screen, placing her palm against it. Her eyes never left it, and she could barely see.

Techno took a deep breath. "W-Well, anyway...I just wanted to say that I'm sorry we couldn't meet. I wish we could've met, because I loved you as soon as I heard I would have a little sister. I'm sure that we would've been close, and...who knows. Maybe in some other world...we are. I envy the me in that world. I wish we...could have been friends."

Techno looked out the window, and he smiled. "There's a crow outside, so I guess my time will be up soon." He turned back and smiled one last smile. "Well then...goodbye, Ariadne Watson. Don't forget...your big brother Techno Alexander Blade loves you."

And with that, the screen fell dark.

Ariadne squeezed her eyes shut, sobbing into her hand. *I wish we could've met, because I know we would've been friends, Techno Alexander Blade.*

When Ariadne felt a hand on her shoulder, she turned around to see Tommy and Wilbur there, eyes also teary. Ariadne pulled them into a hug, and the three siblings and parents all mourned for the fallen hero.

## Chapter End Notes

And with that, the Watson/Soot/Blade/Innit families are finally finding peace.

# She Used To Be Innocent, That Innocence Was Mine

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ariadne and Tommy clapped wildly, cheering. Tommy looked over at Mr. Blade, grinning. "Isn't Lovejoy just so fucking *pog*?"

Mr. Blade seemed to be lost in thought.

"Yoo-hoo? Mr. Blaaade?" Tommy called, waving his hand in front of the older man's face.

Mr. Blade snapped out of his trance and nodded, smiling. "Yes, that was very good." He looked up at Wilbur. "That was very good."

Wilbur grinned, taking a gulp of water from his bottle. "Thanks, Mr. Blade."

"You sure we shouldn't call him 'Mr. Balde'?" Ariadne joked, and Tommy burst out laughing, holding his hand up for a high-five.

"That was fucking *great*!" Tommy exclaimed as Ariadne smacked his hand with hers. "Like father like son, am I right, lad?"

"You are right, lad," Ariadne nodded solemnly.

"Are you seriously making an *If Undertale Was Realistic* reference? In this economy?" Wilbur rolled his eyes, still smiling. "Good God, you two need to let go of that already."

"Never," Tommy stated, gripping Ariadne's hand.

"We will forever stay determined in these trying times that wish to erase the best game ever besides Minecraft," Ariadne added. The two of them nodded at each other, and Wilbur only sighed.

"Sorry about those two gremlins, guys," Wilbur apologized.

"It's fine," Joe chuckled. "You always apologize, and then you always bring them back. If anything, you probably enjoy them being here."

"Not only that," Ash added, making sure his bass guitar was ready for the next song, "they're never really a problem. We all like them being here."

Mark stood from his seat. "I'll be right back. I gotta take a piss."

"TMI," Ariadne said from her seat.

Everyone laughed a little, and Tommy looked at Mr. Blade again, who still seemed to be thinking quite a lot.

"Everything okay?" Tommy asked.

Mr. Blade nodded. "Just thinking about the video. I mean..."

"That's fair. I think we all are, deep down." Tommy looked back to Wilbur, who was talking to Ariadne about the different subgenres of rock.

It had been three weeks since the tapes were watched. In that time, Tommy had went back home to Em, and everyone fell into a familiar rhythm. The only new thing is that Mr. Blade was hanging around more, and Wilbur finally broke up with Sally and was leading the Single Life™.

"It's...a lot," Mr. Blade admitted. "I mean, I finally have the chance to get to know my sons, and one of them is gone and somehow...predicted that I would be back. And then he made a video for me, thinking that if I was any kind of father, I would want closure." Mr. Blade laughed weakly. "He must've been a very intelligent young man. I wonder...if his life wasn't cut so short, what would he be like today...?"

Tommy took a deep inhale and exhale, thinking. "Well...I won't lie—I've thought about that, too. But...I think that Techno would want us to worry about ourselves instead of holding onto the past, y'know? Speaking of which...I haven't told anyone but Em this, but I think I know what I'm going to be doing with that English Bachelor's degree."

"Oh?"

"As a primary job, I'll be an editor. I'm going to shoot for one of the big newspapers or publishing companies. I probably won't land the job, but if there's even a small chance...I should go for it, right?" Tommy looked back at Mr. Blade. "As a secondary job...I think I'll be an author."

"An author?" Mr. Blade hummed. "What are you going to be writing?"

"I don't know yet," Tommy shrugged. "Something big. Something that will change some lives. Or maybe not. Maybe it will just provide people comfort. Who knows, maybe it'll be a big flop."

"Well," Mr. Blade murmured, "you'll have at least one fan ready to read all of your works."

Tommy cocked his head to the side. "Yeah? Who?"

"Me." Mr. Blade gave Tommy a smile. "You have a lot of talent, I'm sure. And even if it does end up being horrendous, I will still love it because it came from my sons' brother."

Tommy grinned. "You know, you're pretty cool. And, y'know...if you want, you can count me among your sons. I know I can't ever replace Techno or outshine Wil, but...I am starting to kinda think of you as another dad. Is that weird?"

"Not at all." Mr. Blade's eyes were shimmering with tears. "I...am happy. Thank you, Tommy."

"Anytime, Big Man." Tommy punched Mr. Blade's shoulder lightly. "Now, be prepared for me to send you a bunch of memes."

Mr. Blade laughed. "I will be thoroughly prepared, I'm sure."

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"I'm home!" Tommy called, taking a seat on the couch with a sigh.

Em poked her head out of the kitchen. "Hello. How was your visit with everyone?"

"Pretty good." Tommy gave his fiancée a warm smile. "So, how excited are you?"

Em let out a happy sigh, sitting beside her future husband. "*So* excited. I can't believe we're getting married on *Friday*. It seems...almost...*too* perfect, you know? I can't wait, though."

Tommy brought Em closer, kissing her cheek. "You are one of the best things to have ever happened to me."

Em was smiling from ear to ear. "So...are we still going to sign up to be foster parents after our honeymoon? Are you really okay with that?"

"Of course," Tommy nodded. "I...kind of feel like I should, you know? After hearing Wil and Techno's story and going through what I have, I was so happy when you said that you wanted to be a foster parent and that you were okay with actually *adopting*. I'm sorry I can't exactly give you a biological child, but—"

"Tommy." Em cupped Tommy's cheek.

"Yeah?" Tommy leaned into her touch, holding her other hand.

"I do *not* want to go through the pain of childbirth," she said, "so it's fine. Adopted or otherwise, you will be an amazing father."

Tommy kissed her free hand, smiling with tears in his eyes. "I love you so much, Em."

"I love you so much, Tommy." She pressed a kiss to his forehead. "I can't wait to become Em Innit."

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"Ssso!"

Tommy looked up at a drunk Wilbur, who was smiling the goofiest smile ever.

"Since you're \*hic\* fuckin' boring and don't want stri\*hic\*ppers for your bachelor party, we all thought karaoke while drunk off our balls would be smart."

"Hear hear!" Tubbo agreed, holding up his glass.

"*I may not liveee to see our gloryyyy!!*" Wilbur sang, and Tommy couldn't hold back his laughter at *all*.

Ranboo shook his head, taking a sip of the wine he got for himself. "Are you seriously trying to reenact that one scene in *Hamilton*?"

"Shut up, Heather!" Tubbo sassed, drunk off his arse indeed.

"Now we're in *Heathers*," Ranboo muttered incredulously.

"Why aren't you guys singing iiit," Wilbur whined, and Tommy decided to indulge his brother in his antics.

*"I may not live to see our glory,"* Tommy repeated, laughing a little between words.

*"But I've seen wonders great and small,"* Wilbur slurred, wiggling his eyebrows.

*I bet you have, you closeted bisexual. "I've seen wonders great and small~"* This time, Ranboo, Tubbo, and Phil joined in.

*"Cuz if the Tom-cat can get married!"* Wilbur shrieked.

*"If Tommy Innit can get married—"*

*"There's hope for OUR ass, after all!"*

*"Raise a glass to freeEEedom!"* Ranboo finally decided to let loose, adding to Tommy's laughter.

*"SOMETHING YOU WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN!"* Wilbur, Tubbo, and a tipsy Fundy (someone who graduated the same year as Tommy who Wilbur became fond of and friends with) scream-sang.

*"No matter what she tells youuu,"* Fundy sang while withholding a giggle.

*"Let's tell the story of toniiiiiiiiiiiite!!!"* Tubbo added.

*"Raise a glass to the—fuck,"* Wilbur muttered, counting under his breath. "One, two, three, four, five, six—*SIX of us!*"

*"Divorced,"* Tubbo said mysteriously, standing up.

*"Beheaded,"* Fundy added, also standing.

*"Died,"* Phil grinned, joining the other two in standing (thanks to Ariadne's musical phase starting early, he knew this one).

*"Divorced,"* Wilbur agreed, standing up with his fist in the air.

*"B-Beheaded?"* Ranboo stood up quickly.

*"Survived,"* Tommy beamed, standing.

"*And tonight, we are!*" Tubbo jumped onto the table, Wilbur following suit. They went back-to-back, holding their bottles of alcohol like microphones.

"*LiiiiIIIIIVE!*" All six of them sang on the top of their lungs, earning a wheeze from the groom-to-be.

*What the fuck is happening??*

"Okay, let's get everyone off the table, mates," Phil sighed, motioning to the seats. "Let's actually *start* karaoke, okay? What are we in the mood for song-wise?"

"Oh yeah, why couldn't Mr. Blade make it tonight?" Tommy inquired.

"He said that he had errands he needed to run." Phil was typing in songs as the others threw titles at him.

Tommy nodded slowly, slightly disappointed. "Oh. Okay."

"Fuck yeah!" Wilbur cheered. "C'mon, Ranboo! You're American! You gotta sing *Barbie Girl* with me!"

"What does me being American have anything to do with *Barbie Girl*?" Ranboo asked, completely flabbergasted.

"Just do it!" Wilbur took a large chug of his rum.

"Don't forget to drink some water, mate," Phil warned, pouring some water out of the large pitcher in the center of the table that miraculously didn't get dumped into a plastic cup. He handed it to Wilbur, who chugged *it* down, too.

Ranboo and Wilbur made their way to the front. The beginning began to play, and Wilbur shrugged off his ever-present trench coat, grinning wildly and getting into character. He flipped his bangs and began to sing. "*I'm a Barbie girl, in the Barbie world!*" He struck a pose, lifting his head up. "*Life in plastic, it's fantastic!*"

"*Y-You can brush my hair; undress me everywhere???*" Ranboo seemed to regret his life choices, understandably. "*Imagination, life is your creation.*"

Wilbur pointed to the group, to which Tubbo, Fundy, Phil, and Tommy did their deepest voices, saying "*Come on Barbie, let's go party!*"

And the rest of the song was...!

Chaos.

Complete and utter *chaos*.

At this point, everyone was having a grand old time. Even Ranboo, who was starting to slip into the weird space between "tipsy" and "drunk."



Eventually, the song did end, and everyone clapped and cheered.

"Alriiiiiiiiiiiiiite!" Wilbur cheered. "Now, how about a song between Fun-day and Philll?"

"When did you become a stereotypical American woman?" Tommy chuckled, but Fundy and Phil went to the front, looking through songs.

"What's a good karaoke song?" Fundy grumbled under his breath.

"I gotta go pee," Wilbur announced.

"Whelp, we gotta wait. C'mon, son." Phil helped his stumbling son to the bathroom.

Everyone was a lot more relaxed after. Fundy came up to Tommy and took a drink of water.

"So, you're Tommy, huh? We never really walked before this," Fundy mumbled. "Sorry I'm a bit...tipsy. Totally nice to meet another trans guy." Fundy held out a fist. "Trans brothers?"

Tommy grinned. "Trans brothers." They fist-bumped, and Tommy sighed. "I *would* join in the festivities, but I feel like I shouldn't get married with a hangover. Y'know?"

"Yeah. That's pretty smart. But you know that a little bit won't hurt you, right? Unless you're a lightweight."

"I'm not."

At that moment, the door opened to reveal Ariadne.

"Hey, guys," Ariadne greeted. "I was told to check in and make sure you guys aren't all passed out. We were gonna head over to Pizza Hut before you guys. Is that okay?"

"Yeah, that's totally fine," Tommy nodded. "Want to hang with us for a while?"

Ariadne shrugged and stepped in. "Guess it won't hurt to stay for a song."

Tubbo waved. "Ariadne, hey! Why don't you sing with us?"

"Yeah, Ariadne," Tommy smiled. "You should sing for us."

"Hm..." Ariadne tapped her chin. "Only if you'll sing with me."

"Sounds good! \*hic\*"

Everyone turned to see that Wilbur and Phil were back. Finally.

"Alright, but I'm choosing the song!" Ariadne hopped onto the stage, and Tommy stood beside her, taking the mic. He didn't see the title until after Ariadne began singing, and a lump grew in his throat.

*"It's not simple to say  
That most days I don't recognize me,*

*That these shoes and this apron,  
That place and it's patrons  
Have taken more than I gave them."*

Tommy's mind went back to when he first met Techno, Wilbur, and Phil. He was in the most awful place...

And then he remembered what Ariadne has had to deal with. She has had to be the "strong one" just to make a loss worth it.

Perhaps...Ariadne was stronger than most of the family gave her credit for. Her voice was so clear, so strong...just like her.

It took all of what Tommy had to not start tearing up.

*"It's not easy to know  
I'm not anything like I used to be,  
Although it's true;  
I was never attention's sweet center,  
I still remember that girl.*

*She's imperfect, but she tries;  
She is good, but she lies;  
She is hard on herself;  
She is broken and won't ask for help;  
She is messy, but she's kind;  
She is lonely most of the time;  
She is all of this mixed up and baked in a beautiful pie;  
She is gone, but she used to be mine."*

Tommy could barely sing the next lyrics.

*"And it's not what I asked for;  
Sometimes life just slips in through a back door,  
And carves out a person  
And makes you believe it's all true...  
And now I've got you!"*

Tommy looked around at his family, then to Ariadne, whose eyes were full of tears.

*"You're not what I asked for;  
If I'm honest, I know I would give it all back  
For a chance to start over,  
And rewrite an ending or two  
For that girl that I knew—"*

He felt truly guilty, thinking about how true those words were. Some part of him missed Techno so much that he would reverse time just to see him again...but at the same time...

*"Who was reckless just enough;  
Who gets hurt  
But who learns how to toughen up when she's bruised  
And gets used by a man who can't love;"*

Wilbur seemed almost completely sober, and Tommy realized just much this song could resonate with his oldest brother. Wilbur got out of an abusive relationship not too long ago...

Tommy decided to sing for everyone. Everyone in the room, everyone in the next, everyone that they had loved and lost and hated and decided to stay away from.

*"And then she'll get stuck and be scared  
Of the life that's inside her,  
Getting stronger each day 'til it finally reminds her  
To fight just a little to bring back the fire in her eyes  
That's been gone, but used to be mine!"*

Kristin had to deal with the worries that Ariadne would be seen as but a replacement. Phil had to worry about the son that was dying in front of his eyes.

*"Oh, used to be mine!"*

Finally, the music went quiet. Without any kind of indication, Ariadne joined in, and the two of them sang the final lyrics softly, their minds on one person:

Techno.

*"She is messy, but she's kind;  
She is lonely most of the time;  
She is all of this mixed up and baked in a beautiful pie;  
She is gone, but she used to be mine."*

## Chapter End Notes

Did I just make a whole chapter updating y'all on SUTBM! Tommy's life and making a bunch of silly moments?

Yes.

Do I regret adding so many references to musicals?

Not at all.

And do I regret making the end kinda depressing?

Absolutely not!

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. I realize that the song probably doesn't seem like it made sense, and without even meaning to, I found a way to tie it in.

I love when things can come together...don't you?

Next chapter should end on a happier note. :)

# An Interlude

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this one is pretty short. :')

This is kind of a series of really small moments that lead up to the last chapter. Sorry it's not as good as the other chapters, but I hope it is good nonetheless!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ariadne watched from the punch bowl as her big brother Tommy danced with his newly wedded wife. The two of them were all smiles, and Ariadne couldn't help but feel a small pang of jealousy in her gut.

"Hey, Ariadne."

Ariadne looked up to see Wilbur peering down at her.

"Hey, Wil." Ariadne turned back to watching the newlyweds. "They seem happy, huh?"

Wilbur nodded. "They do. It kind of makes me miss Sally."

Ariadne nodded slowly. "I see."

"I won't go back to her, if that's what you're worried about," Wilbur assured her. "I just miss the companionship. So, I guess I lied on accident. I don't miss *Sally*—I miss being in a relationship."

"I've never been *in* a relationship."

"Well, you're only ten, so you have plenty of time. And if you never end up in one, hey. That's perfectly okay."

Ariadne watched the couple and smiled a little. "Y'know, I think that romance isn't too bad of an idea. I genuinely just...don't think it's for me."

"Really? Do we have an aromantic in the house?" Wilbur smiled.

"I don't know yet. I still want to give it some time," Ariadne admitted. "The idea is nice, but I don't know if i could actually *be* in one. All the girls in my class have crushes, but I just don't see the appeal. Maybe it will change when I get older. For now, though...you're right. I'm only ten. I have time to change." Ariadne let out a sigh. "I just wish that people understood that not everyone needs time to figure that stuff out, though. I mean, Tommy knew he was a guy since he was five, right?"

"Right. And I knew I was a demiboy when I was thirteen."

"Wait, you're a demiboy?"

"Yeah! I'm actually intersex, but I also use the term demiboy. I go by he/they."

"Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry. I thought you only went by he/him."

"Nope!"

"Do you like being called a them?"

"Sometimes. It makes me feel more valid about being intersex, y'know?"

"Alright, then I shall adorn thee with the theys."

Wilbur chuckled. "Well, the big 'thank you,' Madame."

"So," Ariadne said casually, "is your hangover gone?"

Wilbur groaned, shaking his head. "No, so thanks for reminding me, gremlin. It is tolerable so long as it doesn't get too loud or anything."

"Yeah, you were *hammered*," Ariadne snickered.

"Yeah, I can imagine."

Ariadne and Wilbur fell into an easy silence.

"You know...before Mr. Blade showed up, we didn't really spend much time together," Ariadne noted.

"Yeah, that's true. And then the Tommy mishap happened, and then we just...somehow grew closer." Wilbur patted Ariadne's hair. "I'm glad we did. I see why he is so fond of you."

Ariadne smiled. "Yeah. I can see why he's so fond of you, too."

---

Ariadne blinked.

"And...when did you two adopt...her?" Phil asked.

The girl watched carefully from where she stood. The look in her eyes felt like a spider's.

"After our honeymoon!" Em smiled. "Shroud, would you like to introduce yourself to your grandfather?"

Phil gave Shroud a warm smile, squatting. "Hello, Shroud. I'm Grandpa Phil."

Shroud was silent, messing with the bottom of her shirt.

Shroud was a five-year-old black girl with surprisingly striking eyes. She was wearing a dress with a cobweb design at the bottom.

"Do you like spiders?" Ariadne asked.

Shroud's eyes lit up, and she nodded, her braids bouncing.

"Cool." Ariadne gave a tight smile.

"Where is Mom?" Tommy asked.

"She's at the store with Wilbur." Phil cleared his throat. "So, Shroud," Phil smiled, "do you want to paint with me?"

Shroud merely stared.

Phil left the room for a minute. He came back with an old stim toy, earning a gasp.

"Isn't that...wasn't that Techno's?" Tommy asked softly.

"Well," Phil hummed, a sparkle in his eye, "he would want Shroud to use it, I'm sure." He bent down and handed her the toy. "This is for you. Take good care of it, okay?"

"How does it work?" Shroud asked. She took extra time to pronounce her words.

"You just do this." It was a Pop-it, so Phil pressed down on one of the bubbles.

Shroud followed suit, and she immediately popped them all. She then flipped it over and did it again.

"What do we say?" Em asked.

Shroud looked up, blinking. She bowed slightly before running over to the couch and sitting down on the opposite side of Ariadne.

"Have you had her tested for neurodivergency?" Phil asked.

"Well, not yet," Tommy said. "We just adopted her...what, a week ago? We wanted her to get used to living with us."

Ariadne watched Shroud as she focused severely on the Pop-it. "Something about this feels familiar."

"Do you think..." Phil's voice trailed off.

"There's a good chance." Em smiled. "But, isn't that worth celebrating in its own right? Another member of the family sees the world a little differently."

Ariadne smiled at her niece. *I'm an aunt now.*

She loved her niece already.

---

Ariadne watched Shroud as she sat on the swings. Tommy was trying to help his daughter learn how they work, but she just stared. Eventually, though, Shroud began to get the hang of it, and she smiled a toothy smile.

"She's absolutely *adorable*," Wilbur cooed from their spot next to Ariadne on the bench.

"Isn't she, though? Oh yeah, what day is the charity again?"

"Well, it *was* going to be tomorrow, but because we want to give Tommy some more time with his daughter. So, instead, Tommy and I are going to stream Minecraft tomorrow to celebrate thirteen years of having Tommy in our lives. It'll be a charity stream."

"For what?"

"[The Trevor Project](#). It'll be a good way to celebrate and give back."

"Huh." Ariadne watched her big brother and his daughter a little closer. "Sometimes, I forget that Tommy's trans."

"Don't we all? Honestly, it's a good thing. That means we all see Tommy for what he is: a man."

Ariadne smiled and nodded. "Yeah. He *is* a man."

"That being said..." Wilbur turned to Ariadne and grinned, reaching into his pocket. "I have a surprise for you and everyone."

Ariadne tilted her head to the side before gasping at what Wilbur took out. "Y-You don't mean..."

"Yep!" Wilbur grinned. "Lovejoy's made it so big that our first real concert is the day after tomorrow!"

Ariadne let out a loud whoop, startling Wilbur.

---

Ariadne and Phil gave each other an evil grin from their seats. Tommy and Kristin watched in confusion, and the curtains began to rise.

"And now, for what many of you have been waiting for...LOVEJOY!!!"

Everyone in the audience cheered wildly. Ariadne joined them, cheering as loudly as she could for her brother.

"Hello!" Wilbur called, and everyone cheered even more. "How are we doing tonight?"

More cheering.

Wilbur nodded once, and the beginning of one of Lovejoy's most popular songs began.



*"Stop! 'Cause why'd you have to kill my cat? Why'd I have to take you back? Time and time I play the empath—I! Don't! Know! Why!"*

The *entire crowd* was singing along, and Phil and Ariadne nodded to each other. They lifted their blue glow sticks and began dancing to the beat.

Since they were in the front section in the middle, Wilbur could see them clearly.

Wilbur held up a hand, and the music ceased. He gave a light glare at Phil and Ariadne.

"Okay, I love you two, but can you *not* reenact *Oshi no Ko*? This isn't an anime."

Everyone laughed, and Ariadne and Phil joined in. The song picked up from where it left off, and the rest of the concert continued.

That was a good day.

---

"What have you got there, Shroud?" Ariadne asked from the porch awing.

Shroud looked up, her eyes glimmering with delight. She rushed over, uncovering what she was holding in her hands.

"Jumping spider!" Shroud exclaimed happily.

Ariadne let out a shriek, pressing herself as flat against the swing as she could. "Shroud! Put that thing down!"

"But...but jumping spider," Shroud frowned.

"W-Well, jumping spiders aren't really my forté," Ariadne stammered. "So please put it back where you found it, okay?"

Shroud nodded, then spotted Em. "Mommy! Mommy! I found a jumping spider!" She took off running.

Tommy came out of the house, and Ariadne relaxed.

"What's up?" Tommy asked. "Want to come to Puffy's with me?"

Ariadne nodded, and she waited in the car.

After what felt like forever, Tommy finally got in and drove them to the café. After ordering a strawberry shortcake and a mocha latté, Ariadne and Tommy sat in the far seat inside near the window.

Tommy took out his laptop and opened it. After waiting a few minutes, he groaned and faceplanted into the keyboard.

"What's up?" Ariadne asked, taking a bite of her food.

"I want to write a story so that it can get published," he grumbled, "but I don't know what to write."

Ariadne chewed thoughtfully. "Why not write an autobiography or something? Your life is pretty interesting, isn't it?"

"But I hate autobiographies," Tommy explained. "Why would I want to write one?"

"Well...you *could* write it in the third-person narrative and change names and stuff. That's how a lot of stories are written. Anyway, I gotta use the bathroom."

As Ariadne left, she didn't realize that she gave Tommy the perfect beginning for a rough draft.

Tommy looked down at his computer and began typing. Even when Ariadne came back, he didn't look up. Finally, he pulled away for a small break, and he looked through what he had typed.

*"Want a cookie?" Phil asked, holding the plate out to Tommy. Sugar cookie.*

*"Sure," Tommy replied, closing the door and plopping onto the couch. "Everything alright?"*

*"Yep," Phil nodded. "Considered kicking Wil out."*

*"Why?"*

*"You know the sand for the cactus in the kitchen?"*

*Tommy nodded. "The same sand that's been going missing?"*

*"Yeah. Well, it turns out Wil has been fucking eating the fucking sand!"*

*Tommy let out a wheeze, causing Techno and Floof to jump. Between laughs, he muttered a "sorry" before laughing more.*

*"But sand feels good between the teeth," Wilbur whined. "Really good while coming home from the beach."*

*"You're disgusting!" Tommy snorted, his sides hurting from laughing so hard.*

*"Can all of you shut up?" Techno asked, deadpan. "Some of us want to watch TV."*

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is the end, aaaaaaaaaaaaaa—

I can't tell if I'm ready for this series to end or not. After this, this journey will truly be over.

So many emotions are being felt right now ;w;

Well, I do hope you guys enjoyed this. I will probably take a little extra time to make sure that the ending is perfect, seeing as this is the true end.

# **\*Despite everything, it's still you.**

## Chapter Summary

These are the final moments of what we shall see of their lives.

Take time to enjoy them.

## Chapter Notes

The ending notes are long because I will be leaving for around two years after 24 hours of this chapter being up. I have to focus on reality for a while, but do not worry. I will be back sooner than it feels now. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## **TOMMY INNIT**

"You two are getting *married*!?"

"Yep," Ranboo nodded.

"For tax purposes," Tubbo added.

Tommy blinked. He blinked again.

"Why am I stuck with you two gays?" Tommy fake-groaned, facepalming.

The three of them burst into laughter, and Tubbo shook his head.

"Nah, we aren't, but we *are* going to be living together until one of us gets with someone," Tubbo explained.

Tommy snorted. "So, how's Mr. Schlatt?"

"Oh, Dad? He's fine. He found himself another wife."

"Oh, that's good to hear."

Ranboo pointed awkwardly to the door. "Should I just—"

"No," Tubbo and Tommy said in unison.

"You may be a Ranboob, but you're our friend," Tommy said.

"Amen, brother." Tubbo and Tommy high-fived with a nod.

Ranboo brushed their hair out of their face. "Cool. Oh yeah, I'm thinking of starting a cooking channel on YouTube. What do you guys think?"

Tubbo gave Ranboo a thumbs-up. "That doesn't sound like a bad idea, Boss Man."

Tommy chuckled. "I concur."

"Ugh, listen to yourself," Tubbo muttered, wrinkling up his nose. "Just cuz you're an English major doesn't mean that you gotta flex your vocabulary."

Ranboo and Tommy laughed lightly. Suddenly, the alarm on Tommy's phone went off.

"Oh, sorry, guys," Tommy apologized. "I've got to pick Shroud up from Dad's."

"We should hang out again sometime," Ranboo smiled.

Tommy placed a hand on his heart. "My, Ranboo...I can not believe you are *flirting* with me, a *married* man!"

Ranboo narrowed their eyes, causing Tommy to laugh one more time.

---

It was a peaceful evening. His beautiful wife, Em, had her arm around their adopted daughter, Shroud, who was just diagnosed with autism a few days ago. The two women that Tommy loved with all his heart were asleep as old reruns of *Gilmore Girls* played in the background softly during the nighttime silence.

Tommy watched them sleep as sound as can be, and his mind drifted to when he and Em first met Shroud. She was sent back to the foster system many times due to her..."odd" nature (which, looking back on it, was probably due to the fact that she was undiagnosed). Em was so attached to Shroud already, and when Shroud called Em and Tommy "Mommy" and "Daddy" after an hour of spending time with them, they knew that they had to adopt the girl.

Adopting Shroud came with a few difficulties, though. Tommy did immense research on the best hygiene products for Shroud, especially considering that African-American hair is quite different from white people's hair. When he found that Shroud was autistic, he did even *more* research to learn how to help with school and social situations, determined to give his daughter the best childhood he could.

Now that Shroud is growing to be more accustomed to Tommy and Em and their families, Tommy couldn't help but wonder what she would be like in the future. Would she be energetic? Shy? A complete nerd? A preppy cheerleader? How would she respond to discipline? Would she be accepting, or would she throw fits?

In fact...would she know just how much Tommy loved her?

Tommy knew that his birth parents didn't truly love him. Or maybe they did, in a strange and twisted way. Either way, he never felt truly safe or happy with them, knowing that they were always judging him and making sure he was as feminine as possible to "stomp out any of that LGBT nonsense." Sure, they fed him and helped him get a job and let him live under their roof, but they were never...*parents*. The transphobic behavior outshined any good they had, causing him to stay as far away as possible.

Tommy was scared. He was scared to raise Shroud, although it was not because of the challenges of raising a child with a disability, nor was it because he had never raised a child before. No, it was because he was scared that Shroud would grow up thinking that Tommy never loved her the way she was.

Mr. and Mrs. Innit loved Tommy for who they thought he should be. No, that's not right—they never loved Tommy. They loved *Tamara*, their scared and depressed shell of a daughter that never was.

Still asleep, Shroud snuggled up to Tommy's side, mumbling, "Mommy...Daddy...I love you."

Tommy smiled. "I love you, too."

Even if she couldn't hear it this time, Tommy knew there would be plenty of times he would say those three words to her. He would say it so much that Shroud would probably grow annoyed and dismiss his overly caring words. She would probably grow used to hearing those words, and she would probably grow up to do incredible things and only say those words to him when he is on his deathbed.

And even if she never leaves her mark on the world, Tommy knew he would love her just the same.

And that's okay.

---

## **WILBUR SOOT**

"Are you ready?" Wilbur asked, checking to make sure everything was ready.

"Um...I-I don't know. What if your fans hate me?" Ariadne asked, fixing the headphones on her head.

"I'm sure they'll all *love* you. Besides, if you get a hater or two, so what? That just means that you're popular enough that people feel like the spotlight is being taken from them. Do you know what you do in return as a star?" Wilbur sat down in his seat.

"What?"

"Shine brighter," Wilbur winked. He pressed "RECORD."

"Welcome, everyone, to the Soot Podcast but on Twitch! I'm your host, Wilbur Soot, the leader of the band Lovejoy. Today, we are joined by a special guest: my little sister, A!"

"Hi!" Ariadne chirped. "I'm so glad to be here!"

"I'm so glad you're here! Now, chat, we have some rules. Ariadne and I are going to say them, just as a reminder."

Ariadne took a deep breath, and she and Wilbur spouted off the following ten commandments:

*"Rule No.1- No Boomer-show theme songs.*

*Rule No.2- No Zoomer-show theme songs.*

*Rule No.3- No Weebs (under penalty of death) ((I'm looking at you Dad))*

*Rule No.4- No Marvel stans*

*Rule No.5- Stan Loona*

*Rule No.6- No Kpop*

*Rule No.7- No My Little Pony, Friendship is FUCK*

*Rule No.8- No songs I've already sang before*

*Rule No.9- Musical songs are SHIT thanks to copyright laws*

*Rule No.10- Ignore Rule No.5."*

Wilbur and Ariadne began laughing a little.

"Well, let's begin!" Wilbur announced, and Ariadne nodded, ready to let the world hear her voice.

---

"So, *Dos Padre*, you never told me how you and *Dos Madre* met." Wilbur stirred the sugar into his tea.

"Well," Mr. Blade hummed, thinking. "It was the year 1991. We both arrived at the scene of the conflict around a similar time, and we decided to work together to get this done. We started talking a little during the battles, and afterward, we would talk about our lives back home. I started developing feelings for her after I got severely wounded and she, despite being hurt herself, took me to her campsite. She demanded that the nurses save my life before worrying about her literal bullet wounds, and I knew that, despite it all...I wanted to marry her one day." Mr. Blade sighed, looking down at his own tea. "Unfortunately, though, we never *did* get married."

"Huh." Wilbur almost felt...guilty. "I'm sorry. I wish that things *did* work out."

"As do I, but life happens. You lose the people you love when you least expect it, so you must learn to cherish the time and memories you have with those people."

Wilbur nodded, thinking. "I kind of get what you mean. I wish I had more time with Techno, but before his diagnosis, I kind of just...felt like I had all the time in the world with him. We'd argue, and I would let it go on for days due to pettiness. We'd have fun, but I wouldn't truly *appreciate* it. After he told us...it was like there was no time at all. It was like...every second was a second closer to losing him."

Mr. Blade closed his eyes. "In a way, I am both sad and happy you learned this lesson earlier than most. Many people go about their daily lives with no worries about how their own life will be remembered, or they treat others poorly, thinking 'we always have tomorrow to make up.' But no-one is guaranteed tomorrow, so why let the sun set on our anger? I wish you never lost Techno, but I am glad you know just how precious it truly is. Once time has passed, there is no going back."

Wilbur gave Mr. Blade a crooked smile. "So...stepping away from all of this...want to play Minecraft?"

Somehow, Wilbur didn't expect Mr. Blade to be oddly chaotic while oddly wholesome. He tried taming every wolf or cat he met, yet he would happily set entire villages on fire.

A strange man, yet Wilbur could tell that he and Techno and Mr. Blade were all related.

---

### PHIL/KRISTIN

Phil spread the jelly across the slice of toast, then froze at the sight directly outside of his window.

"Go away, mate," Phil grumbled, trying to ignore the bird.

The crow tilted its head to the side with a caw.

"No. You aren't getting my breakfast," Phil snapped.

"Love..."

Phil felt a shiver down his spine at the tone. He whirled around to see Kristin standing there with a glare.

"You're not being mean to the crows again...*are you?*"

"N-N-No!" Phil gave Kristin a wide grin. "I'm totally being kind! See?" He turned to the bird and tossed the whole slice of bread into the yard. *My breakfast...*

"Mhm, sure, and that's why an entire *murder* of our children decided to caw at my window. They only do that if you've been mean."

"They're not our—"

One more glare from Kristin's steely eyes, and Phil went silent, narrowing his eyes at the crows outside.



"Little shitheads."

"*What did you say?*"

---

Kristin sat beside Phil, her hand holding his. The two of them sat on the porch swing, watching the night sky. Inside the house was a sleeping ten-year-old girl, and the rest of their children were out and about in the world, making a legacy of their own.

The stars were beautiful tonight, as was the moon. Without looking at her husband, Kristin murmured, "What will we do when Ariadne is all grown up?"

"Where did *this* come from?" Phil asked.

"I was just thinking...I won't be having any more kids. I don't think we plan on adopting any more. And, in eight years, Ariadne will be an adult that is probably making a name for herself. What will we do when she's gone?"

"I have no idea. Before Techno and Wil, I was just working aimlessly. When they showed up, I spent all my time taking care of them, even when they were finally adults. Then Tommy came, and I had to help him with that situation. Then I married you and we have Ariadne to occupy us for the next years." It was quiet for a moment before Phil continued. "My life has been about these children from the moment I was blessed with them, you know? So...I don't know what we'll do when Ariadne moves out."

A gentle yet rare summer breeze blew through the air, rustling the leaves and making them move just a little closer together.

"...You know," Kristin said softly, squeezing Phil's hand. "I think we shouldn't worry about it right now."

"Well, I mean, you *were* right to voice that concern."

"But maybe we should let tomorrow be tomorrow. We can't control what happens in the future. We don't know the mystery of what the next dawn will bring, or if the sun will even rise. Maybe...the future will only be a waste if we worry too much. Sure, it's a good idea to plan, but maybe we shouldn't worry anymore."

"...You know what? I think you're right." Phil sounded as though he was smiling. "All our lives, we've been told to look to our futures to see where we're headed. All our lives, we look to the past for a clue of where we will end up or to try to live in those memories. Maybe we should tell others to look at where you are. After all, life is kind of like a really long hike. The reason people like hikes isn't the fear of falling off that mountain or the fact that it will be over soon. The biggest reason people like walking or hiking...is the scenery."

"How oddly philosophical," Kristin laughed quietly.

Phil chuckled. "Yeah, that *was* pretty weird."

"I can't help but agree, though. Maybe...the future will work itself out. From now on...let's live more in the present. Let's look at the scenery, if only for a moment."

Finally, the married couple looked at one another, with a smile, they leaned in and kissed each other, truly and utterly in love, just like the day they first met.

---

Ariadne cleared her throat, sitting across from her best friend, Gray.

"I'm, um, here to answer your confession from yesterday. I've thought it over, and...well, I just...I'm sorry. I promise, I've thought long and hard about this, and...I don't feel that way about you. I believe that I am on the aromantic and asexual spectrums."

Gray looked crestfallen. "Oh. I see. So...you don't like me?"

"I like you, but in a platonic way. I don't want to be in any kind of relationship that isn't friendship or familial, you know?"

Gray pondered this for a moment, their sadness melting away into thoughtfulness. "I see what you mean. My older brother is aroace. Okay, then!" Gray stood proudly, their hands on their hips. "From here on til the day we die, I, Gray, will continue to be your best friend! And that is all!"

Ariadne breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad. Now, sit down before everyone here thinks you're a weirdo."

"I am, though. Everyone here at the park knows this."

Ariadne shook her head, laughing. This was going to be an interesting day.

---

Going by the cages, Ariadne studied each and every animal in the shelter. They were all so cute! However, she doubted Phil and Kristin wanted more than one, so...

Ariadne looked through the cages again when her eyes landed on an adult black cat. The cat didn't have a front paw, but it looked up with innocent eyes.

Ariadne tugged on her mother's hand. "Mom, I think I want this one."

Kristin looked at the small paper with information about the cat that was hung in front of the cage. "Clementine is an adult black cat who was found alone in a home where no-one loved her. She was going to be put down, but a kind gentleman with pink hair decided to volunteer his time here on the condition that Clementine be spared."

Ariadne nodded. "I want *her*."

When she got home with her new best friend, Ariadne didn't stay away from Clementine for a single minute. She made sure to show Clementine all the rooms in the house. She played games with the cat, and she even fell asleep in her bed while petting her.

Clementine was *her* baby, just as Floof was Techno's.

---

### July 20th

The family turned away from the headstone with the yellow roses and white lilies.

The adoptive father turned away because he knew his son was at peace. The mother turned away because she was ready to stand tall in the knowledge that she is truly loved by the one she lost. The biological father turned away because he was ready to give the son still alive all of the love he could. The wife and the daughter of the youngest brother turned away because they knew that memories would be shared for many years to come, so why fret over them this moment?

The final three—the twin, the youngest brother, and the youngest sister turned away. Wilbur Soot, Tommy Innit, and Ariadne Watson turned away, knowing that they had one another to rely on. They all knew that the one who is dead is watching over them.

Sure enough, if any of them turned to that grave, they might have seen a ghost of the man they all loved, holding a small dog in his arms. The ghost smiled, his red eyes twinkling in the sunlight. With one last pet to Floof and assurance that they would be alright, Techno dissipated into the wind as a legend that would be told for many years to come.

### Chapter End Notes

And this, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the "(S)he Used To Be Mine" series.

I never thought that this series would gain so much attention. I was merely a bored and anxious writer who wanted to tell a simple story about a transgender TommyInnit and the rest of the Sleepy Bois being a great family.

Though this sequel did not gain as much attention (I began writing this series while the DreamSMP was huge and Technoblade was still alive), I am still strangely proud of all the time I put into it. I can't believe I was going to leave it behind forever.

To explain a few things: the setup of this chapter was a little odd. If you noticed, it was supposed to follow a similar setup to the epilogue in the final book, but with some obvious differences. I tried to make it so that any last lessons I hope to share with you guys could be expressed in a way that felt like it summarized the character in a way. I also tried to give everyone one more laugh, one more cry...one more moment before finishing this series for good.

As for why Ariadne's final part is so short...it was a mixture of "I don't want to write anymore" and "Ariadne went through her realization earlier". She found that she wasn't a burden, that it was okay to grieve and move on. The reason I had her adopt Clementine was a way to make a parallel to Techno in the first book—a creature they would love so

dearly, but two different animals (often portrayed as enemies) at different stages of their lives (Floof was but a puppy when he was adopted).

I hope that I was able to comfort you, to challenge you to be better, to give you the knowledge that everything will be alright. No matter what struggles and hardships you may face, everything will turn out okay. Look at Tommy in this fic: he had a crappy home life, he was suicidal, and he was attacked by the media after what happened in the first book...but he ended up in the best place he could've been.

Although this is just a fanfiction, I do hope that this series has helped you in some way.

Finally, though, before I go, I must explain the title of the chapter:

So besides the obvious fact I'm a huge Undertale nerd, I have always had a fascination and appreciation for this quote. That despite all the changes and hardships you go through, you're still you at the end of the day.

And that's okay.

\*Despite everything, it's still you.

So take care. Tell someone you love them. And remember that, above all...

You are truly a blessing to me and this world.

I love you all (/p). :)

## End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Lemme know what you think. :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!